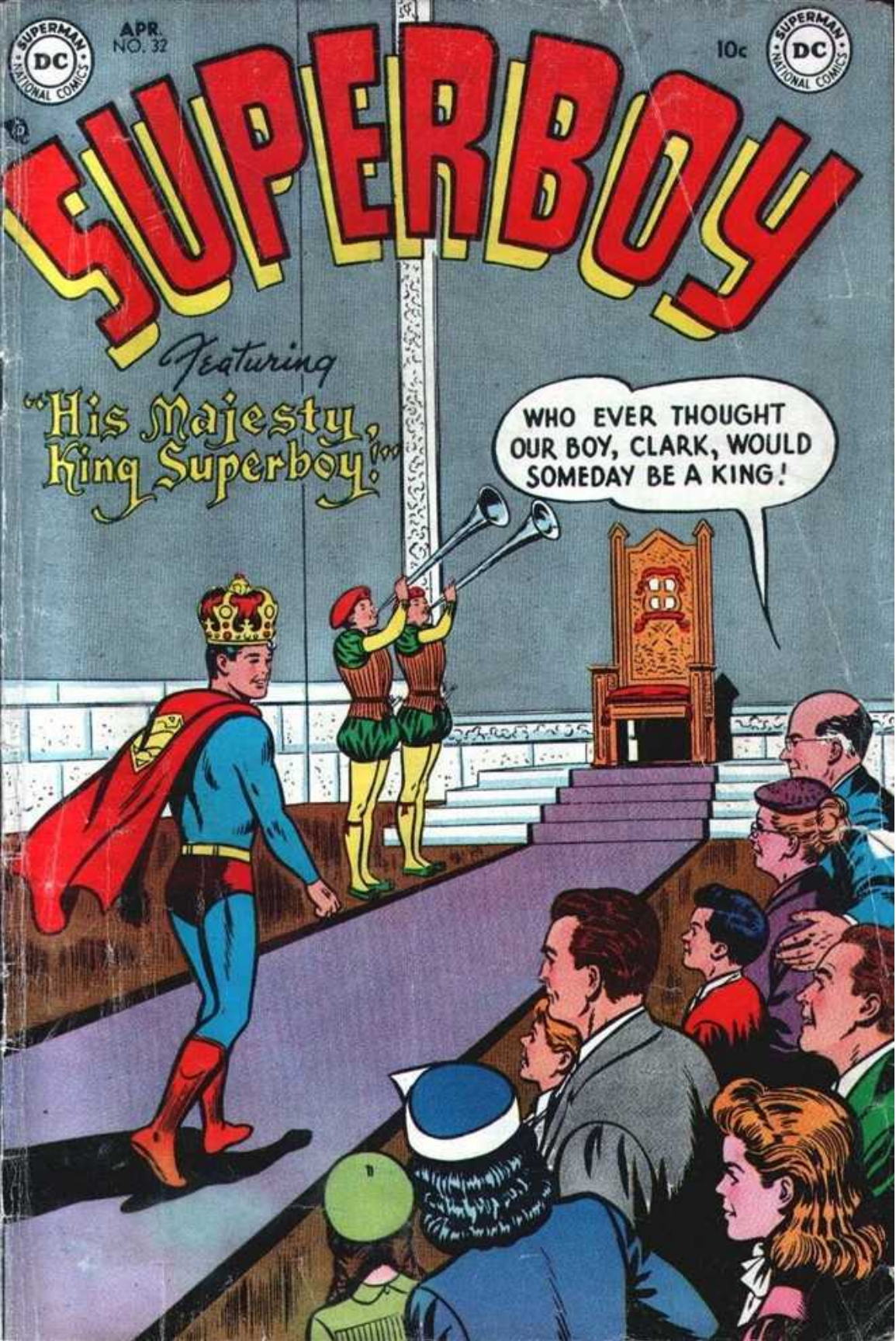
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
APR. NO. 32
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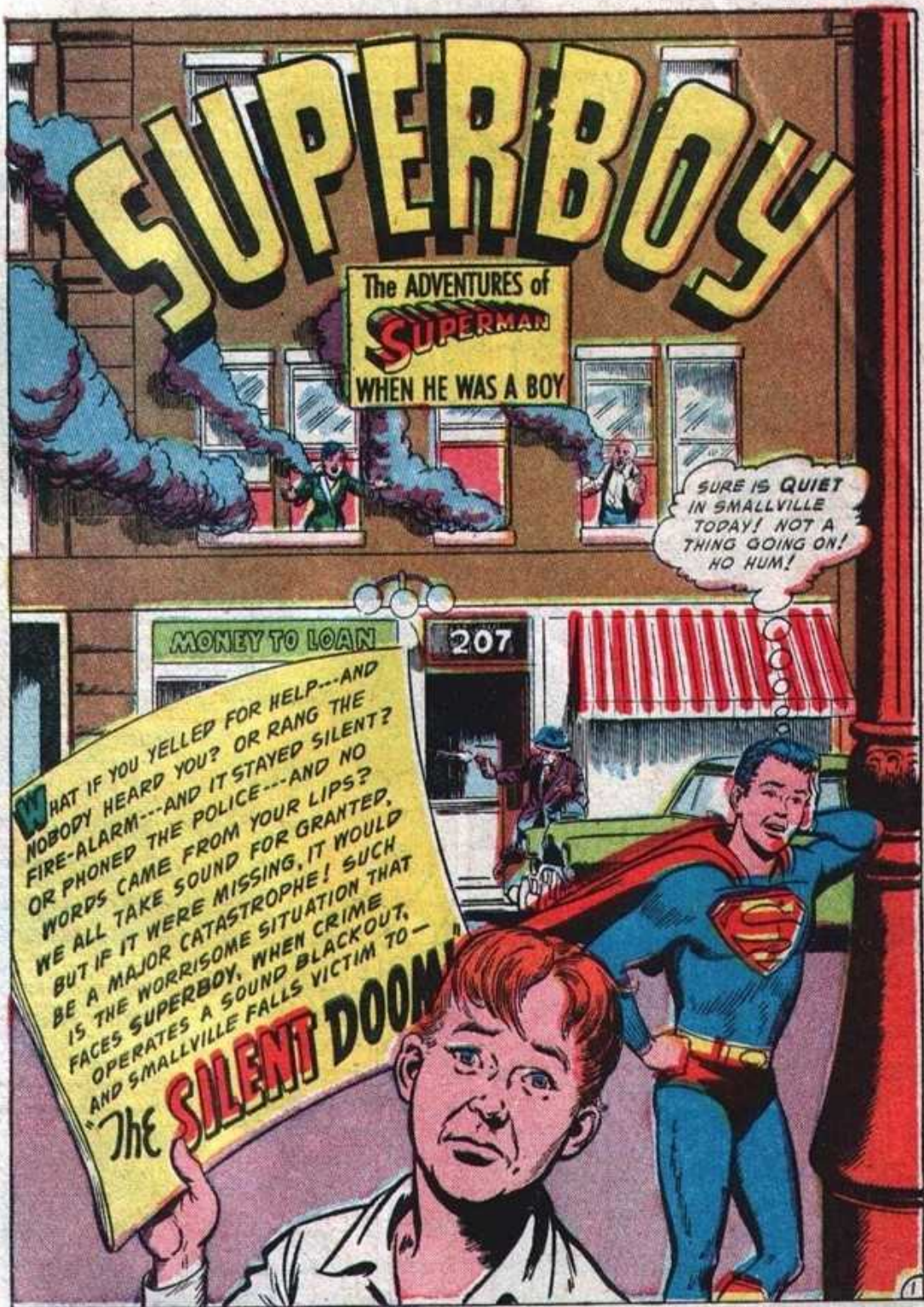
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
SUPERBOY
Featuring
"His Majesty, King Superboy!"
WHO EVER THOUGHT OUR BOY, CLARK, WOULD SOMEDAY BE A KING!


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
SURE IS QUIET IN SMALLVILLE TODAY! NOT A THING GOING ON! HO HUM!
MONEY TO LOAN
207
WHAT IF YOU YELLED FOR HELP---AND NOBODY HEARD YOU? OR RANG THE FIRE-ALARM---AND IT STAYED SILENT? OR PHONED THE POLICE---AND NO WORDS CAME FROM YOUR LIPS? WE ALL TAKE SOUND FOR GRANTED, BUT IF IT WERE MISSING, IT WOULD BE A MAJOR CATASTROPHE! SUCH IS THE WORRISOME SITUATION THAT FACES SUPERBOY, WHEN CRIME OPERATES A SOUND BLACKOUT, AND SMALLVILLE FALLS VICTIM TO—
"The SILENT DOOM!"

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ONE DAY IN SMALLVILLE, AS LANA LANG ONCE AGAIN TRIES TO WORM THE $64 ANSWER FROM CLARK KENT!
ONCE AND FOR ALL, CLARK··· ARE YOU SUPERBOY OR NOT?
COME NOW, LANA! WHAT A SILLY QUESTION! YOU KNOW THE ANSWER!
NO I DON'T! AND IT ISN'T RIGHT FOR YOU TO KEEP ME IN THE DARK··· IF YOU'RE SUPERBOY! AFTER ALL, I'M AN OLD FRIEND! I'D KEEP YOUR SECRET! SOMETIMES IT KEEPS ME AWAKE NIGHTS, WONDERING! NOW COME ON, CLARK, TELL ME THE TRUTH AND BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!
GOLLY, LANA! MY EARS! SOMETIMES I WISH YOU'D LOSE YOUR VOICE!
A MERE EXCLAMATION, WHICH CLARK DOESN'T REALLY MEAN, BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...
----!
---------, ---------, ---------!
DID LANA STOP TALKING? I DON'T HEAR A THING! NO... HER LIPS ARE MOVING, BUT NO WORDS COME OUT ALOUD!
AND WHEN CLARK TRIES HIS OWN VOICE...
----!
I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF SHOUT! BUT WAIT... I CAN'T HEAR ANY SOUNDS AT ALL! NOT A BIT OF NOISE FROM THAT CAR!
AND THAT TRAFFIC COP-- NO ONE CAN HEAR HIS WHISTLE! CROSS TRAFFIC WILL CRASH! GOT TO SNEAK AWAY FROM LANA...
MILLINERY
SWIFTLY, IN A NEARBY ALLEY, CLARK KENT SHEDS HIS OUTER GARMENTS TO BECOME SUPERBOY...
LANA DIDN'T HEAR ME RUNNING OFF, THANKS TO THIS LACK OF SOUND!
2

USING SUPER-SPEED, THE BOY OF STEEL PREVENTS DISASTER!
WHOA! NO DOUBT THEY ALL HONKED THEIR HORNS MADLY-- ONLY THEY MADE NO SOUND EITHER!

EVERYWHERE IN TOWN THERE IS CONSTERNATION AT THE WEIRD BLANKET OF SILENCE---ESPECIALLY AT THE RADIO STATION!
BIGGEST NEWS OF THE YEAR, THIS SILENCE! AND I CAN'T BROADCAST IT! ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS SHUT DOWN!

BUT THE VOICELESS DILEMMA DOES NOT BOTHER TWO CRIMINALS, WHOSE FINGERS COMMUNICATE IN THE DEAF-AND-DUMB LANGUAGE!
OKAY, NOW'S THE TIME!
RIGHT! ROB THE BANK!

WHEN THE BANK GUARD STEPS ON THE HIDDEN BURGLAR ALARM...
THIS IS A STICK UP!
GOSH! THE ALARM IS RINGING-- BUT THERE'S NO SOUND! CAN'T EVEN YELL FOR HELP!
CASHIER

THE SMOOTH CRIME CAPER CAUSES "JINGLES" BAILEY, LEADER OF THE GANG, TO GLOAT...
EVERYTHING'S SO QUIET I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MY LUCKY COINS JINGLE! BUT I DON'T MIND! THEY CAN'T EVEN YELL FOR SUPERBOY! AND WE'LL LEAVE A SIGN BEHIND FOR THAT MEDDLING BRAT!

CRUISING TOWN, SUPERBOY COMES UPON THE MOCKING MESSAGE LATER!
NATIONAL BANK
GREETINGS SUPERBOY! TRY AND FIGURE OUT HOW I WORK MY SOUND BLACKOUT, AS I ROB SMALLVILLE BLIND! HA,HA! "JINGLES" BAILEY!
I SUSPECTED THIS WAS A CRIME PLOT! BUT HOW DO THEY WORK THEIR SOUND BLACK-OUT?
3

THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY IS AN AMAZING TOWER IN THE HILLS OVER-LOOKING TOWN, FROM WHICH "JINGLES" BAILEY BROADCASTS ELECTRONIC WAVES WHICH BLACK OUT ALL SOUND IN SMALLVILLE!
SUPERBOY WON'T THINK OF USING HIS TELESCOPIC VISION OUT HERE! WE'LL JUST KEEP USING THE SOUND SILENCER, BLACKING OUT ALL SOUND-WAVES!

PRESENTLY, "JINGLES" BAILEY PREPARES TO SEND HIS WHOLE GANG OUT ON NEW, SILENT CRIMES!
ZERO HOUR! GET GOING, ALL OF YOU! YOU EACH GOT A PICKED JOB! AND NO YELLS, NO SHOTS, NO ALARMS, NO POLICE SIRENS TO WORRY ABOUT! AND EVEN SUPERBOY IS STYMIED!

HOWEVER, AT THAT MOMENT, "STYMIED" SUPERBOY HAS ALREADY MADE A COUNTER MOVE AGAINST THE SOUNDLESS COUP!
PHOSPHOROUS
A SKY-WRITING MESSAGE, FOR THE WHOLE TOWN TO SEE!

ATTENTION, ALL! CRIMINALS AT WORK SINCE NO SHOUTS OR ALARMS CAN BE MADE- FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS-
4

LONG MESSAGE- NEED MORE PHOSPHORUS FROM THE CHEMICAL PLANT! THEN I'LL TELL PEOPLE, WHEN BANDITS ATTACK, TO USE FLARES OR FLASHING MIRRORS--- ANY SIGNALS I CAN SEE!

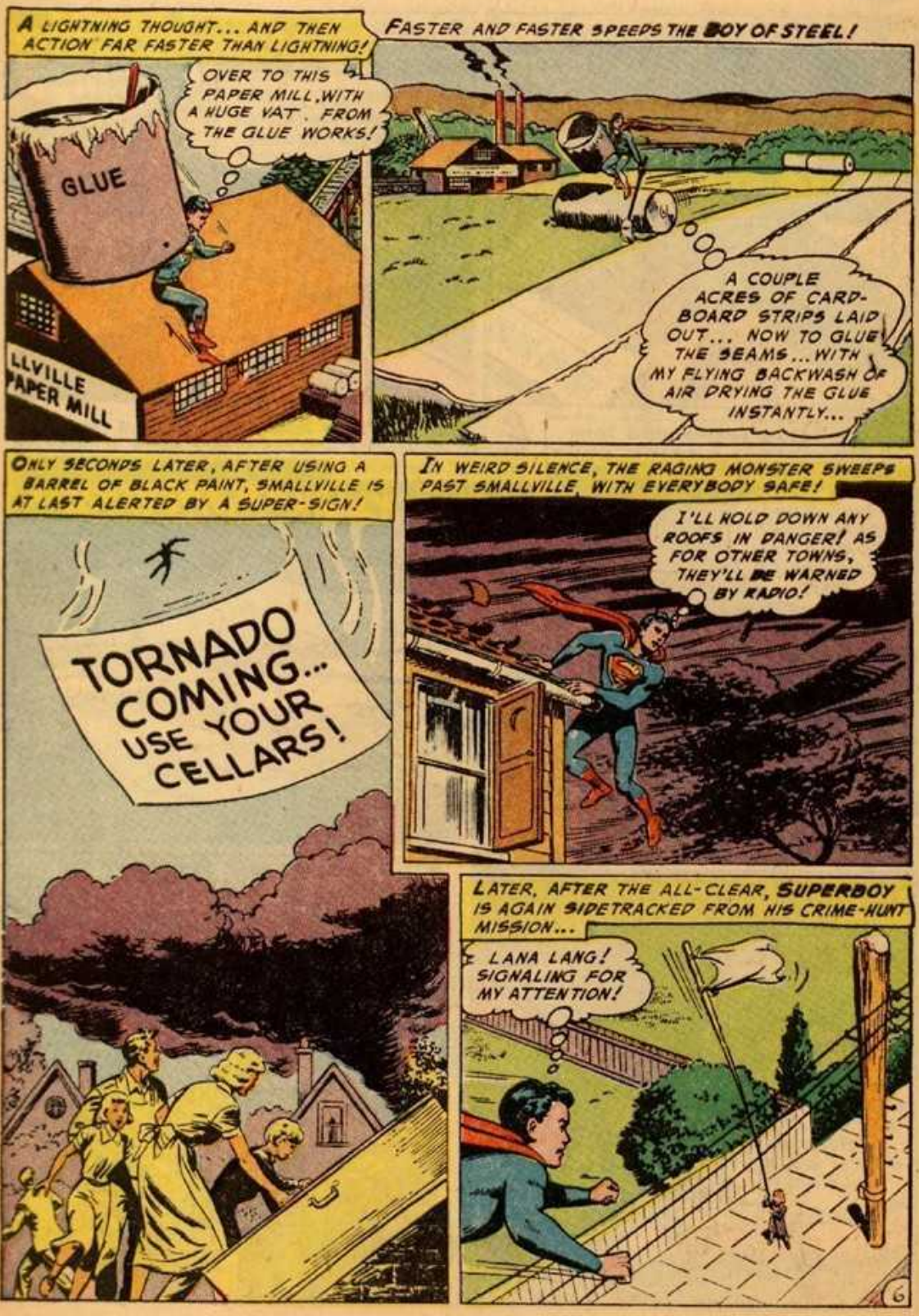
BUT WHEN THE BOY OF STEEL REACHES THE PLANT...
ONE JUMP AHEAD OF ME! GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING ELSE!
NO MORE SKY WRITING FOR YOU, SUPERBRAT! WE NABBED THE REST OF THE PHOSPHORUS!

MEANWHILE, THE NEIGHBORING TOWN IS BROADCASTING A FRANTIC STORM WARNING TO SMALLVILLE!
ATTENTION, SMALLVILLE! TORNADO COMING YOUR WAY!
ON THE AIR
STATION OVERT
WHIZ

BUT THERE ARE ONLY DEAD RADIO SETS IN SMALLVILLE, ISSUING NO SOUND! NOR CAN ANYONE HEAR THE ROARING MENACE COMING...
ROARRRRRRRRRRR!

FORTUNATELY, THE BOY OF STEEL SPOTS THE SILENT DOOM APPROACHING...
I NOTICED THE SKY DARKENING! NO TIME TO BREAK UP THAT BIG TWISTER NOW, SO I'LL DO A PAUL REVERE!

BUT, IN HIS EXCITEMENT, SUPERBOY HAS FORGOTTEN ONE THING...
NO SOUND! MY WARNING IS UNHEARD! NOW I'VE GOT TO THINK UP SOME NEW SKY-WRITING METHOD OR SMALLVILLE IS SUNK!
106 ELM
5


A LIGHTNING THOUGHT... AND THEN ACTION FAR FASTER THAN LIGHTNING!
OVER TO THIS PAPER MILL WITH A HUGE VAT FROM THE GLUE WORKS!
GLUE
LLVILLE PAPER MILL
FASTER AND FASTER SPEEDS THE BOY OF STEEL!
A COUPLE ACRES OF CARD-BOARD STRIPS LAID OUT... NOW TO GLUE THE SEAMS... WITH MY FLYING BACKWASH OR AIR DRYING THE GLUE INSTANTLY...
ONLY SECONDS LATER, AFTER USING A BARREL OF BLACK PAINT, SMALLVILLE IS AT LAST ALERTED BY A SUPER-SIGN!
TORNADO COMING... USE YOUR CELLARS!
IN WEIRD SILENCE, THE RAGING MONSTER SWEEPS PAST SMALLVILLE WITH EVERYBODY SAFE!
I'LL HOLD DOWN ANY ROOFS IN DANGER! AS FOR OTHER TOWNS, THEY'LL BE WARNED BY RADIO!
LATER, AFTER THE ALL-CLEAR, SUPERBOY IS AGAIN SIDETRACKED FROM HIS CRIME-HUNT MISSION...
LANA LANG! SIGNALING FOR MY ATTENTION!
6

LANA'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING URGENT... OH, I SEE! THIS FIRE-ALARM DIDN'T WORK EITHER--- NO SOUND! SHE'S POINTING TO A HOUSE ON FIRE!
POOR WOMAN! YELLING FOR HELP AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS... AND NOBODY COULD HEAR HER! OUT WITH THEM FIRST, BEFORE I TACKLE THE FIRE!
AGAIN, WITH NO FIRE-HOSE AVAILABLE, THE SUPER-INGENUITY OF SUPERBOY COMES INTO PLAY!
I'LL BORROW THIS STEEL STORAGE TANK, FOR NATURAL GAS, WHICH WASN'T SET INTO USE YET!
THE TANK ACTS LIKE A CANDLE-SNUFFER, SHUTTING OFF FRESH AIR TO THE FLAMES, CHOKING THEM OFF!
AFTER RETURNING THE UNDAMAGED STEEL TANK, SUPERBOY IS AGAIN BECKONED BY LANA LANG...
LANA JUST NEVER GIVES UP! I'LL REFUSE, OF COURSE... WAIT! THIS WILL BE FUN!
SUPERBOY! STOP BEING STUBBORN AND TELL ME IF YOU ARE CLARK KENT!
I CAN'T RESIST PULLING THIS! I'LL SHOUT IT RIGHT OUT LOUD, THAT I'M CLARK KENT!
OKAY, LANA, YOU WIN! I'LL TELL THE TRUTH NOW!

— — ...
BUT SHE CAN'T HEAR A WORD! POOR LANA! SHE FORGOT THE SILENCE MAKES HER "DEAF," TOO!
BUT BARELY IN TIME, BEFORE HE REVEALS ALL, SUPERBOY SUDDENLY REALIZES LANA IS DEAF BUT FAR FROM "DUMB"!
WAIT... WHY IS LANA WATCHING MY LIPS SO INTENTLY? MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS A BOOK IN HER BAG--- "HOW TO READ LIPS"! WHAT A TRAP! YET I CAN'T BREAK MY WORD!
HOW TO READ LIPS
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, SUPERBOY SAVES HIS SECRET, YET WITHOUT VIOLATING HIS RASH PROMISE...
SUPER-STRENGTH CRUSHES THIS STONE INTO DUST, WHICH THE WIND BLOWS PAST MY FACE, OBSCURING MY LIPS FROM LANA'S EYES!
OH, DUST KICKING UP, JUST WHEN SUPERBOY SPOKE OUT HIS GREAT SECRET!
MY WHOLE PLAN FLOPPED! OH, I WISH I COULD SCREAM!
THERE YOU ARE, LANA! I YELLED IT OUT! NOW YOU KNOW WHO I AM... OR DO YOU?
OTHERS IN TOWN WISH THEY COULD SCREAM, TOO--- FOR A MORE IMPORTANT REASON...
MORE CRIMES ALL OVER TOWN, COVERED BY A BLANKET OF SILENCE! I'D BETTER RUSH THIS HOLDUP VICTIM TO A HOSPITAL! BUT I HAVE AN IDEA NOW HOW TO STOP THE CRIMES!
Seil JEWELERS
AFTER CHECKING AT THE WEATHER BUREAU...
LUCKILY, THE HUMIDITY TODAY IS VERY HIGH! THAT MEANS THIS DUST AND SOOT I SPRAY DOWN WILL CAUSE THE MOISTURE-LADEN AIR TO FORM FOG!

AND SO IT IS THAT SUPERBOY TURNS THE TABLES ON THE CROOKS — WHO HAVE ROBBED HIM OF SOUND — BY DEPRIVING THEM OF SIGHT!
OOF! I'M BLIND! HOW CAN WE EVEN FIND THE PLACE WE'RE GONNA ROB IN THIS FOG?
THE FOG FORCES "JINGLES" BAILEY TO CHANGE HIS TACTICS...
SOUND GOES BACK ON NOW, FOR A SHORT TIME! I'VE STILL GOT THE UPPER HAND OVER SUPERBOY.. AS HE'LL SOON FIND OUT FROM A RADIO BROADCAST!
OFF
SOUND
ON
ATTENTION, SMALLVILLE! IF SUPERBOY KEEPS UP WITH THAT FOG, NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO DRIVE OR WORK OR ANYTHING. THE TOWN WILL STOP DEAD! AND I'LL TURN MY SOUND BLACKOUT ON FOR WEEKS... UNLESS YOU PAY OFF!
CLINK CLINK
SMALLVILLE HEARS THE GRIM ULTIMATUM WITH CONSTERNATION, INCLUDING SUPERBOY...
...SO COLLECT ONE MILLION DOLLARS IF YOU WANT THE SOUND BLACK-OUT TURNED OFF!
CLINK... CLINK...
A SHAKE-DOWN FOR A MILLION, IMPOVERISHING SMALLVILLE! IF I COULD ONLY TRACK "JINGLES" BAILEY DOWN... HM... WAIT!
RADIO SALE
AFTER UTTERING HIS DEFIANCE TO SMALLVILLE, "JINGLES" BAILEY AGAIN CLAMPS SILENCE OVER THE TOWN! BUT THEN...
HE DOESN'T EVEN HEAR ME COMING IN THIS WAY!
OFF
ON
YIPES! SUPERBOY FOUND THE TOWER! WE'RE SUNK!
B-BUT HOW DID YOU TRACK ME HERE?
BY YOUR COIN-CLINKING HABITS, "JINGLES"! I COULDN'T TRACK DOWN YOUR RADIO TRANSMITTER, BUT WITH MY SUPER-HEARING I WAS ABLE TO TRACE THAT LOUD JINGLING, JUST BEFORE YOU CLAMPED ON THE SILENCE AGAIN!
BLAST IT! MY OWN "LUCKY" COINS GAVE ME AWAY!
CLINK... CLINK!
9

WITH THE CRIMINALS JAILED, SMALLVILLE BUBBLES HAPPILY WITH SOUND AGAIN, EAGERLY WELCOMING IT BACK!
HOORAY! DISHPANS SOUND JUST WONDERFUL NOW!
GOOD OLD CEMENT-MIXER NOISE! I EVEN MISSED THAT!
I GUESS SOUND IS SOMETHING WE ALL TAKE FOR GRANTED-- UNTIL IT'S MISSING! THEN WE REALIZE ITS VAST IMPORTANCE!
BUT IF SUPERBOY THINKS ALL HIS TROUBLES ARE OVER, HE HAS RECKONED WITHOUT LANA LANG!
SUPERBOY, SHAME ON YOU! YOU CHEATED BEFORE! I FIGURED OUT HOW YOU CRUMPLED A STONE TO HIDE YOUR LIPS WITH DUST! YOUR PROMISE IS STILL IN WRITING, SO MAKE GOOD!
UH...I NEVER GO BACK ON MY WORD SO I'M FORCED TO DO IT!
OKAY, LANA, YOU WIN! I'LL TELL THE TRUTH NOW!
AGAIN SUPERBOY GIVES AWAY HIS SECRET, WITHOUT THE SAVING CLOAK OF SILENCE!
MY OTHER IDENTITY IS CLARK KENT!
I BLASTED IT OUT SO LOUD SHE WAS FORCED TO COVER HER EARS! AND OVERLOUD SOUNDS STUN THE EARDRUMS ANYWAY, MOMENTARILY! I KEPT MY PROMISE AND SECRET BOTH!
OH! MY EARS!
10
LATER, WHEN CLARK KENT REJOINS LANA LANG...
I'M SO GLAD SOUND IS BACK THAT YOU CAN TALK ALL YOU WANT, LANA! LANA... YOU'RE NOT SAYING A WORD! WHY SO GLUM?
SUPERBOY TOLD ME HIS SECRET IDENTITY TWICE! YET I STILL DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH! OH, I COULD J-JUST C-CRY!
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

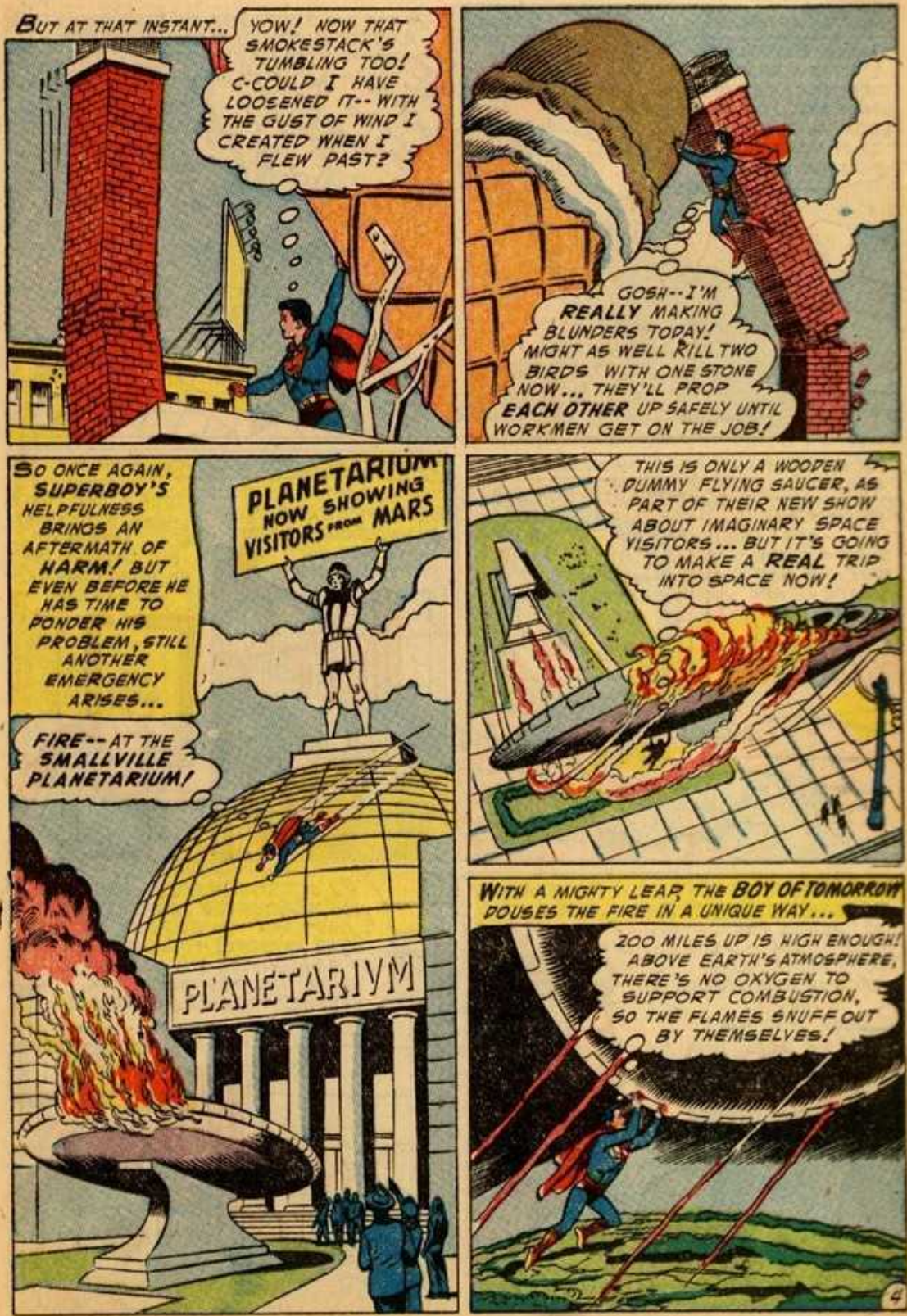
FEARLESS FOSDICK by Al Capp
EEK!! ONE MUST BE DETECTIVE FOSDICK-SO THE OTHER MUST BE yUDDER-ANYFACE-THE WORLD'S TRICKIEST CRIMINAL
I'M FOS-DICK
AHA! I'VE GOT YOU THERE!! HOW CAN YOU BE FOSDICK, WHEN I AM? AND ON THE SALARY THEY PAY ME-HARDLY ONE FOSDICK CAN LIVE!!
YOU ARE NOT FOSDICK, FOSDICK! TURN IN YOUR BADGE!!
TURN IN YOUR HEAD, ANYFACE I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT ME, BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, TO KEEP MY HAIR NEAT-BUT YOURS IS A MESS!!
@!!# IF I'D THOUGHT OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL I'D HAVE AVOIDED ARREST!!
YOU COULD'VE AVOIDED LOOSE DANDRUFF, TOO! SAME GOES FOR YOU, CHIEF. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE!
THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL MY NAME IS IRVING!

Shorty
HENRY BOLTINOFF
BILL ASKED ME TO TAKE OVER FOR HIM WHILE HE'S HOME WITH A COLD.
ROO
AH - MY FIRST CUSTOMER.
CAN YOU GIVE ME A ROOM AND A BATH ?
I CAN GIVE YOU A ROOM, SIR...
BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR OWN BATH !
THE END

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
WHO IS THIS FLOUNDERING YOUTH IN BLUE-AND-RED COSTUME? SURELY HE COULDN'T BE SUPERBOY -- BLUNDERING, CLUMSY -- UNABLE TO FLY A STRAIGHT COURSE THROUGH THE AIR! BUT HE REALLY IS THE BOY OF STEEL, NO LONGER ABLE TO CONTROL ONE OF HIS GREATEST POWERS! AND THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW CRIME RAN RAMPANT...
"When SUPERBOY COULDN'T FLY!"
HA, HA... KEEP AFTER ME, SUPERBOY! AT THIS RATE, YOU'LL WRECK THE WHOLE CITY!

IN SMALLVILLE, YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING THE EXACT TIME...
MY WATCH STOPPED-- BUT WE CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON BIG BOB WHEN... HEY! LOOKS LIKE I'M OUT OF LUCK TODAY!
YES, "BIG BOB" THE GIANT CLOCK ON CITY HALL BEARS A PECULIAR SIGN TODAY...
OUT OF ORDER ATTENTION SUPERBOY! PLEASE FIX! REPAIRMAN SICK! The Mayor
PRESENTLY, WHEN YOUNG CLARK KENT SPOTS THE MESSAGE...
GUESS THE MAYOR IS IN A SPOT, WITH BIG BOB'S REPAIRMAN SICK AT HOME! SO I'LL HELP OUT!
A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARB--AND SUPERBOY STREAKS TO THE JOB...
MOST LIKELY SOME BIG WHEEL OR COG INSIDE THE WORKS GOT STUCK! I'LL SOON FIND OUT!
AND INSIDE THE HUGE WORKS...
AH--HERE WE ARE... THESE TWO TOOTHED WHEELS WERE OUT OF MESH! I'LL UNLOCK THEM AND THEN START UP THE CLOCK AGAIN!
HERE GOES--ONE GOOD SPIN AND... WHAT?? THE HANDS STARTED WHIRLING AROUND AT TERRIFIC SPEED! GUESS I'VE FORGOTTEN MY OWN STRENGTH!

FASTER AND FASTER SPIN THE TWO HUGE HANDS TILL SUDDENLY...
ONE HAND FLEW OFF--AND IT WEIGHS HUNDREDS OF POUNDS! IT CAN CRASH RIGHT THROUGH THAT NEXT BUILDING!
MADE IT!... AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON! BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT CARELESS BEFORE!
THUNK
LATER, UPON REPORTING TO THE MAYOR...
DON'T APOLOGIZE, SUPERBOY! YOU MEANT WELL EVEN IF YOU-- UH-- MADE AN UNFORTUNATE BLUNDER, SPINNING THE CLOCK TOO FAST!
YOU'RE VERY KIND, SIR-- BUT NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, I MADE A BAD MISTAKE!
FROM NOW ON, I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MYSELF AND... GREAT SCOTT! WHAT WAS THAT NOISE-- ON THE NEXT BLOCK?
SMASH
WOW! THAT HUGE CONE ATOP THE SMALLVILLE ICE CREAM PLANT... IT'S STARTING TO CRASH DOWN! IT'LL GO RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF!
WHO
OOSH
THE SUPPORTING BASE HAS BEEN WEAKENED... MUST PROP IT FIRM!


BUT AT THAT INSTANT...
YOW! NOW THAT SMOKESTACK'S TUMBLING TOO! C-COULD I HAVE LOOSENED IT-- WITH THE GUST OF WIND I CREATED WHEN I FLEW PAST?
GOSH--I'M REALLY MAKING BLUNDERS TODAY! MIGHT AS WELL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE NOW... THEY'LL PROP EACH OTHER UP SAFELY UNTIL WORKMEN GET ON THE JOB!
SO ONCE AGAIN, SUPERBOY'S HELPFULNESS BRINGS AN AFTERMATH OF HARM! BUT EVEN BEFORE HE HAS TIME TO PONDER HIS PROBLEM, STILL ANOTHER EMERGENCY ARISES...
PLANETARIUM NOW SHOWING VISITORS FROM MARS
FIRE--AT THE SMALLVILLE PLANETARIUM!
PLANETARIUM
THIS IS ONLY A WOODEN DUMMY FLYING SAUCER, AS PART OF THEIR NEW SHOW ABOUT IMAGINARY SPACE VISITORS... BUT IT'S GOING TO MAKE A REAL TRIP INTO SPACE NOW!
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, THE BOY OF TOMORROW DOUSES THE FIRE IN A UNIQUE WAY...
200 MILES UP IS HIGH ENOUGH! ABOVE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, THERE'S NO OXYGEN TO SUPPORT COMBUSTION, SO THE FLAMES SNUFF OUT BY THEMSELVES!
4

SHORTLY AFTER...
THANKS, SUPERBOY! I'M THE PLANETARIUM'S DIRECTOR! LET IT DOWN EASY AND... OH, HEAVENS! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY MARTIAN STATUE ON THE DOME!
THUMP
WH-WHAT?

IS THIS THE SUPERBOY WE KNOW, COMMITTING ANOTHER THOUGHTLESS BLUNDER?
SHOWING
FROM MAR
JUST IN TIME, BEFORE IT CRASHED THROUGH THE DOME! I MUST'VE LET THE SAUCER DOWN WITH A HEAVY THUMP THAT SHOOK THE DOME AND DISLODGED THIS FIGURE!

THUS, AWHILE LATER, AS SUPERBOY PASSES BIG BOB...
OH, OH-- THAT SIGN... AND I THINK I KNOW WHY THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE ME!
ATTENTION SUPERBOY! SEE ME AT ONCE! The Mayor

AND IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...
THE REPORTS HAVE COME IN, SUPERBOY, OF YOUR BLUNDERING TODAY! HAVE YOU ANY EXPLANATION?
NO, SIR... I'M BAFFLED, TOO! I JUST DON'T SEEM TO DO THINGS RIGHT ANYMORE! BUT I'LL TRY TO BE MORE CAREFUL HEREAFTER!

I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T DO, SUPERBOY! BEFORE THIS, YOU ALWAYS PERFORMED GREAT FEATS SUPERBLY... BUT NOW, YOU HAVE BECOME DANGEROUS IN THE AIR!
DANGEROUS? B-BUT, SIR...

I'M SORRY, SUPERBOY, BUT UNTIL YOU STRAIGHTEN YOURSELF OUT, I CAN'T LET YOU BLUNDER AROUND TOWN ANYMORE! FOR THE SAFETY OF SMALLVILLE, I'M FORCED TO SERVE YOU THIS INJUNCTION, KEEPING YOU OUT OF THE AIR!
OH, NO!
5

Y-YOU MEAN...I--I CAN'T FLY ANYMORE?
BY ORDER OF HIS HONOR MAYOR OF SMALLVILLE SUPERBOY'S FORBIDDEN THE AIR AND IS HEREBY GROUNDED BY LAW!
SEAL OF THE
EXACTLY, SUPERBOY! UNTIL YOU CAN PROVE YOUR--UH-- CLUMSINESS IS CONQUERED, YOU MUST STAY ON THE GROUND! AND IF YOU DISOBEY THIS ORDER...WELL--I KNOW YOU'D NEVER BREAK THE LAW!
Y-YES,SIR... GULP
YES, THERE IS A LUMP IN HIS THROAT-- FOR DESPITE HIS MIGHTY POWERS, THE HEART THAT BEATS WITHIN THE BOY OF STEEL IS NOT MADE OF STEEL!
GROUNDED! LIKE A WILD, DANGEROUS PLANE, I CAN'T BE TRUSTED IN THE AIR! I HAVE TO WALK, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE... AND ALL BECAUSE I GOT CARELESS!
BUT ELSEWHERE, THERE IS HEARTY LAUGHTER, AS IN THE HIDEOUT OF "BLIMP" BEAGLE, CRIME CHIEF...
HA, HA... IT WORKED, BOYS! OUR PLAN WORKED!
SMALLVILLE POST
SUPERBOY GROUNDED BY MAYOR
WHAT'S THIS? A PLAN?...A CUNNING CRIME PLOT?
IF ONLY HE KNEW THAT WE'D SLIPPED A HIGH-SPEED GEAR INTO BIG BOB LAST NIGHT, MAKING IT SPIN LIKE MAD-- AND THAT WE'D WEAKENED THE SMOKESTACK, THE DUMMY CONE AND THE MARTIAN STATUE SO THAT ANY JOLT WOULD TOPPLE THEM! HA,HA... POOR, "BLUNDERING" SUPERBOY!
BOLDLY, THEN, BLIMP BEAGLE LAUNCHES A WAVE OF SPECIAL AERIAL CRIMES...
B.B.
NOBODY COULD ROB THIS ROOFTOP BANK BEFORE, WITH GUARDS AT ALL ELEVATORS AND STAIRS! BUT FROM THE AIR, WITH SUPERBOY GROUNDED, IT'LL BE A CINCH!
THE SKY BANK OPEN SUNNY DAYS FOR YOUR COMFORT
6

THUS, MINUTES LATER, AS CLARK KENT LISTENS FORLORNLY TO POLICE CALLS...
ATTENTION, ALL CARS! SKY BANK BEING ROBBED!
A JOB FOR SUPERBOY!
OUT THE WINDOW AND-- WHOA! ALMOST FORGOT, I'M GROUNDED! CAN'T FLY--GOT TO RUN THERE ON FOOT!
AN EXASPERATING NEW EXPERIENCE FOR SUPERBOY, FORCED TO WADE THROUGH ALL THE DELAYS CONFRONTING ORDINARY PEDESTRIANS...
CROWDS... PEOPLE IN THE WAY... TRAFFIC! EVEN AT SUPER-SPEED, I'M LOSING VALUABLE TIME! THE AIR WAS SO NICE AND CLEAR! SIGHHH!
SO BY THE TIME HE REACHES THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...
THOSE CROOKS ROBBED THE SKY BANK! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THEIR BLIMP!
AND SUPERBOY CAN'T FLY UP TO STOP THEM! HE'S STUCK HERE ON THE GROUND! THEY'LL ESCAPE FOR SURE!
HA, HA... UP WITH THE SWAG AND AWAY WE SAIL! I CAN SEE SUPERBOY DOWN THERE! BET HE'S SUPER-SAD NOW... HA, HA, HA!
BUT THE BOY OF STEEL DOESN'T GIVE UP THAT EASILY--FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN A NEARBY JUNK YARD...
THEY'RE STILL IN SIGHT-- AND A BLIMP IS SLOW! THIS OLD IRON TWISTED INTO A HOOK!

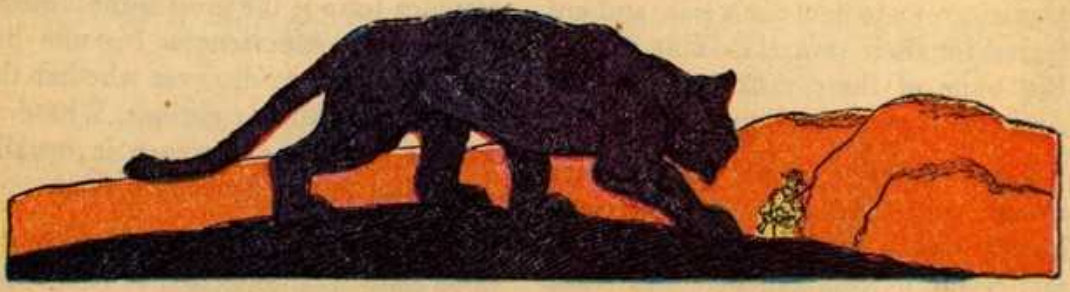
...AND ATTACHED TO A LONG CABLE OF OLD ROPES AND CHAINS, MAKES A PERFECT WEAPON!
WITH UNERRING ACCURACY, THE SUPER-HOOK SNAKES TOWARD ITS TARGET, AND...
HUH? WH-WHO ROBBED US?
NO NEED TO PUNCTURE THE GAS BAG AND RISK A CRACK-UP, IF I CAN JUST YANK AWAY THEIR LOOT
WELL! LOOK WHAT I "FISHED" OUT OF THE AIR! AND I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO VIOLATE THE LAW TO DO IT!
BUT I WONDER NOW...? COULD THIS AERIAL CRIME HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY BEING GROUNDED? IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THOSE BLUNDERS OF MINE WERE PLANTED BY THESE CROOKS--IN WHICH CASE, THIS ISN'T THE LAST I'LL BE SEEING OF THEM!
HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, SUPERBOY--FOR ALREADY, BLIMP BEAGLE HAS CHOSEN HIS NEXT CRIME TARGET...
THE SHIP SHOP SHIP-SHAPE BARGAINS
B.B.
THAT BRAT CAN'T KEEP UP WITH US FOREVER! HERE'S THE SHIP SHOP RIPE FOR PLUNDER BY US SKY PIRATES!
MINUTES LATER, INSIDE THE UNUSUAL DEPARTMENT STORE...
SUPERBOY CAN'T GET HERE IN TIME, WITHOUT FLYING, WAY ACROSS TOWN! GRAB ALL THE PEARLS!
YES, A TOUGHER TASK THAN EVER FOR THE GROUNDED SUPERBOY, WHO FOLLOWS THE BLIMP'S EVERY MOVE WITH HIS TELESCOPIC VISION...
BY THE TIME I GOT THERE ON FOOT, THROUGH THE JAMMED CENTER OF TOWN, THEY'D SCOOT! MUST STOP THEM BY SOME LONG RANGE METHOD... AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT, IF THE SCHOOL GYM IS PEN!

NEXT MOMENT...
SURE, SUPERBOY--YOU CAN BORROW ALL THE BOXING GLOVES YOU WANT!
THANKS! OFF THEY GO, ONLY A COUPLE MILES, GUIDED BY MY TELESCOPIC VISION TO THEIR TARGETS!
ABRUPTLY, IN THE SHIP SHOP...
YIKES! FEELS LIKE SUPERBOY SOCKING US!
HURLED AT SUPER-SPEED, EVEN THE SOFT, EMPTY GLOVES CARRY THE WALLOP OF A SUPER-PRIZEFIGHTER...
ULKKK! DROP EVERYTHING AND SCRAM, BEFORE WE GET DROPPED--BY KAYOES!
THUS THE BOY OF STEEL AGAIN FOILS AN AERIAL CRIME WITHOUT TAKING TO THE AIR HIMSELF...
NO SWAG AGAIN! AND NO BEEFSTEAK ABOARD EITHER, TO SOOTHE MY BLACK EYE!
BUT LET'S SEE HIM STOP THIS ONE! WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO TOUCH GROUND NOW... LOWER THE MAGNET, MEN!
AND FAR BELOW, A MAGNET CRASHES DOWN THROUGH A SKYLIGHT, INTO A JEWELRY SHOP AT THE TOP OF A BUILDING, AND...
HELP! WATCHES HAVE IRON PARTS IN THEM! THERE GO ALL MY MOST EXPENSIVE ITEMS--GOLD-PLATED, STUDDED WITH JEWELS! HELP!
9

BUT AS THE BLIMP TAKES OFF WITH THE LOOT...
HOLD IT, MEN... WAIT FOR ME!
SUPERBOY! YOU UP HERE? WHY, THAT MAKES YOU A CRIMINAL! TSK, TSK-- WAIT TILL THE PEOPLE OF SMALLVILLE HEAR ABOUT THIS!
TAKE ANOTHER LOOK, BEAGLE! SINCE WHEN IS CLIMBING A LADDER THE SAME AS FLYING?
AND SO, DESCENDING THE MILE-HIGH SUPER-LADDER HE CONSTRUCTED, SUPERBOY AT LAST GROUNDS THE AERIAL THIEVES...
I HAD TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO NAB YOU RATS WITHOUT FLYING -- EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE THE CAUSE OF MY BEING GROUNDED!
LATER, AFTER BLIMP BEAGLE CONFESSES HIS WHOLE WEB OF TRICKERY...
FORGIVE ME, SUPERBOY... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU NEVER BLUNDER! NOW IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO RIP UP THIS INJUNCTION GROUNDING YOU AND... EH?
NO! PLEASE LET ME HAVE IT, SIR!
THE PLEASURE'S MINE! OH, BOY-- DOES IT FEEL GOOD TO FLY AGAIN... AND TO KNOW THAT ALL THOSE "BLUNDERS" WHICH HAD ME WORRIED ONLY BLUNDERED BLIMP BEAGLE BEHIND BARS!
THE END

PEG
THERE'S THAT NEW BOY FROM DOWN THE STREET. I'LL DROP MY HANKY.
I COULD NEVER CATCH THAT DOG. AND THAT WAS AN EXPENSIVE HANKY!
THERE HE IS AGAIN!
BUT, PEG, YOU JUST LOST ONE HANKY! AND YOU'RE DROPPING ANOTHER?
OH, THAT'S JUST A PIECE OF FACIAL TISSUE!
?
END.

Big Game At Our Own Back Door



Want a Lion's Head or Bear Rug? You Don't Have to Go All the Way to Africa

THE sportsmen caught the silent signal of their safari leader, and dropped down behind a huge boulder. Their muscles tense, they watched as the leader, with cat-like movements, crawled over the boulder for a better look at the ledge above.

Slowly, the leader turned his head, and winked. The sportsmen followed the action of the leader and soon, the four men began taking up their prearranged positions. One moved toward the high point of the boulder; two more dug their fingers into the steep hill that led to the ledge above. The last one headed up in the opposite direction, away from the others.

The sportsmen had hardly reached their positions when a low growl put them all on the alert. Orders and directions were given by hand and head signals. Not a word was spoken.

Suddenly, the snarling mouth of a lion appeared on the ledge above, and the sportsman on the boulder could glimpse another just emerging from the cave at the rear of the ledge.

A rifle shot resounded throughout the hills, and in rapid succession, four more shots followed. One of the lions had made a desperate 30-foot leap to a higher ledge. A bullet caught him almost in mid-air, and the beast made a complete somersault as it hurtled down the gorge.

The second lion met its death less dramatically, just as it was trying to re-enter the cave.

Where would you guess the above scene to have taken place? Africa? Exactly what we had expected you to say. The fact is, the incident occurred in the mountains of Oregon, in the good old U.S.A.! And don't scoff at America's tawny-coated mountain lion. Hunters regard this mysterious beast as the country's most challenging big-game animal!

It had been estimated that roughly 4,000 lions roam the west today, and don't underrate them! The American mountain lion ranks in size and killing power with the merciless African leopard. Most males weigh about 150 pounds, and cowboys report tangling with some 200-pounders.

There are other big-game specimens in the country, including bears and wolves, and they roam the west from the Oregon mountains to the Florida

Everglades. On the Mexican border at certain points, the man-killing *tigre*, or jaguar, grows to enormous size, and are feared for their savage striking power. But none of these ranks as does the American mountain lion.

Lions are fair game all the year round, and the lucky hunter who brings back a lion skin can get good money for it from ranchers and stock breeders out west. You can probably guess the reason for this.

Although mountain lions normally live almost entirely on deer, too many of them become beef eaters, and this spells trouble for the ranchers who raise horses and sheep. One rancher recently revealed that a single lion destroyed almost 200 sheep in one night!

Expert hunters, who have tracked big game in Africa and India, claim that the American mountain lion is a more difficult prize than any other beast anywhere in the world. Cowboys, who have ridden high ranges where the beasts are known to live without ever sighting a single lion, substantiate this claim.

This is because the American lion is a wily animal who seems to possess an instinctive fear of humans, and this is where he differs from his African and Indian cousins. While many hunters and cowboys have been clawed by mountain lions, the beasts do so, apparently, only to insure their escape.

On the other hand, lions have been known to turn man-killer, but such cases are contrary to the general rule, and in the whole history of the west, no more than half a dozen men have been killed by unprovoked lions attacking them.

A curious habit that the lion is known to have is that of stalking humans. Those who have had such an experience term it the most spine-chilling of all their experiences. No one has ever been able to discover whether the animals were simply curious. Whatever the reason, the experience is usually shattering to the nervous system.

A hunted mountain lion seems to develop both its intellectual as well as its physical powers, to hear the cowboys and trackers tell it. Stories of their amazing feats of shrewdness and acrobatics continue to amaze incredulous listeners.

One story of a hunted lion had it racing up a steep mountainside for a mile or so, suddenly backtrack to the original trail, then leap to the limb of a tree 10 feet above the ground. Experienced hunters declare this is nothing, and tell the story of another lion that leaped straight up a cliff face to a narrow ledge and then disappeared on up the cliff. All agree that the jumping power of the lion is phenomenal. A full grown male can easily leap 20 feet vertically, and more, horizontally.

As a stalker, the American mountain lion is the best in the world. It possesses an amazing quality shared with no other beast—the ability to cut off its scent glands at will. This comes in equally handy when a pack of hounds is on the trail of the beast.

Trackers have stared unbelievably at their dogs which suddenly stop in the middle of a trail, yipping with frustration. Experienced hunters know instantly what happened. It marked the spot that the lion used its mysterious power to cut off its scent.

—Jack Mabely

PROFESSOR
EUREKA

WHAT A PERFECT SPOT FOR OUR NEW BOMB TEST!

HMM - THERE'S A HOUSE NOT TOO FAR AWAY. I'D BETTER INFORM THE OCCUPANTS.

MADAM, WE'RE GOING TO DROP SOME BOMBS ABOUT A MILE FROM HERE TOMORROW. SO WHEN YOU HEAR AN EXPLOSION, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

WHAT TIME ARE YOU GOING TO DROP THESE BOMBS?
TOMORROW MORNING AT NINE!

CAN'T YOU MAKE IT SEVEN O'CLOCK? THEN I WON'T HAVE TO SET THE ALARM TO WAKE MY CHILDREN FOR SCHOOL!
THE END

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY

PACK YOUR BAGS-- PUT ON YOUR TRAVELING DUDS-- AND GET SET FOR A JOURNEY TO ONE OF THE STRANGEST LANDS OF ALL TIME-- THE TINY KINGDOM OF **SMALLVANIA!** YOU WON'T HAVE FAR TO TRAVEL EITHER, BECAUSE THIS MINIATURE MONARCHY EXISTS WITHIN THE BORDERS OF OUR OWN UNITED STATES! AND THAT ISN'T ALL! FOR SEATED ON THE THRONE OF THIS LITTLE NATION IS A **SUPREME RULER,** KNOWN AS...

"HIS MAJESTY KING SUPERBOY!"

GOOD, MY LOYAL SUBJECTS! AS FOR THE PRISONER WHO DIDN'T BOW TO ME, I DUB THEE SIR KNIGHT FOR BRAVERY! I ONLY PUNISH THOSE WHO *DO* BOW!

SUPERBOY REX

KINGDOM OF SMALLVANIA

WE HAVE BROUGHT THE TAXES, SIRE **SUPERBOY,** AS YOU DEMANDED... A CHEST OF *OLD TIN CANS!*

ONE MORNING, A STARTLING SIGHT GREETS THE CITIZENS OF SMALLVILLE...
WHAT? THE TOWN NAME CHANGED-- AND WE'RE NOW A KINGDOM?
PREPOSTEROUS! WHO PLAYED THIS SILLY PRANK?
RAILROAD STATION
KINGDOM OF SMALLVANIA

A PRANK! HARDLY-- AS THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN SOON LEARNS FROM RICHARD BAYNE, THE TOWNSHIP RECORDS CLERK...
YES, GENTLEMEN, IT'S TRUE! THIS CENTURY-OLD SURVEY OF SMALLVILLE I STUMBLED ON SHOWS THAT, BY ERROR, OUR TOWN SITE WAS LEFT OUT OF THE U.S.A.!
GOOD HEAVENS! Y-YOU MEAN, WE'RE NOT OFFICIALLY PART OF AMERICA, MR. BAYNE?

EXACTLY! THUS WE ARE STILL THIS TINY INDEPENDENT KINGDOM OF SMALLVANIA! WE'RE NOT TRUE AMERICAN CITIZENS AT ALL!
STATE OF U.S.A.
KINGDOM OF SMALLVANIA
STATE OF U.S.A.

BUT OF COURSE, IT'S A MERE TECHNICALITY! WE WANT TO BE PART OF AMERICA, DON'T WE?
NATURALLY! I'VE ALREADY NOTIFIED WASHINGTON TO ANNEX US LEGALLY, BUT THAT WILL TAKE A WEEK! MEANWHILE, OFFICIALLY, WE ARE UNDER THIS ROYAL CHARTER OF SMALLVANIA, RULED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BAYNE--MY ANCESTORS!
Y-YOUR ANCESTORS?

YES...THIS REALLY TOOK MY BREATH AWAY, FINDING THAT MY OWN FAMILY RULED SMALLVANIA!
2 ROYAL CHARTER
KINGDOM OF SMALLVANIA
1770 A.D.
Henry Bayne His Majesty the King
Luisa Bayne, Princess
Duke Bayne
Duchess
YE ROYAL LAWS

GREAT SCOTT! WH-WHY, THAT MEANS YOU'RE OUR OFFICIAL KING, RICHARD! YOU COULD TAKE OVER AND RUN THE TOWN A WEEK IF YOU WISHED, AND... AND...
NO, GENTLEMEN... I ABDICATE!
FOR ONE WEEK, WITH EVEN OUR AMERICAN POLICE FORCE ILLEGAL UNDER KINGDOM LAWS, WE NEED A KING WHO CAN KEEP LAW AND ORDER BY HIMSELF! NEED I NAME WHO ALONE CAN FILL THAT POST?
NO... WE GET IT! GREAT IDEA!
SO AWHILE LATER, IN THE HOME OF YOUNG CLARK KENT...
ATTENTION, SUPERBOY! REPORT TO THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN IMMEDIATELY! URGENT!
ODD... WONDER WHAT THEY'D WANT ME FOR?
A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARB -- AND A MOMENT LATER, THE MILD-MANNERED YOUTH RACES TO THE MEETING IN HIS ROLE OF...
SUPERBOY! FOR A WEEK, WHILE WASHINGTON OFFICIALLY ANNEXES US, WE HEREBY CROWN YOU SOVEREIGN OF SMALLVANIA!
WHAAAT?
STARTLING NEWS INDEED -- BUT AFTER SUPERBOY HEARS THE WHOLE STORY...
... SO YOU SEE, WE NEED YOU ON THE THRONE, TO ENFORCE THE ROYAL LAWS WHILE WE'RE WITHOUT AMERICAN LAWS!
I SEE! IN THAT CASE, I ACCEPT AND SOLEMNLY PROMISE TO FOLLOW THE ROYAL CHARTER LAWS!
THE STRANGE NEWS SOON SWEEPS THROUGH TOWN.
Smallville Gazette 5¢
HAIL TO SUPERBOY, OUR KING FOR A WEEK
...YES, OUR TOWN IS NOW OFFICIALLY A MONARCH, RULED BY SUPERBOY!
SMALLVILLE NOW SMALLVANIA... EXEMPT FROM U.S. LAW FOR ONE WEEK
3

READING THE ROYAL CHARTER, THE PRINCE OF STEEL BEGINS HIS REIGN...
HOW ODD! THE FIRST LAW STATES THAT ANY KING OF SMALLVANIA MUST NEVER REMOVE HIS CROWN, NIGHT OR DAY, OR HE WILL LOSE THE THRONE!
RIGHT, SUPERBOY... JUST AS I PLANNED!
WHAT'S THIS?... AS BAYNE PLANNED IT? SHORTLY AFTERWARD, IN A CRIMINAL HIDEOUT...
AH--CLEAR AS A BELL! WITH THE MINIATURE RADAR REFLECTOR I CONCEALED IN THAT CROWN, WE'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP TRACK OF SUPERBOY WHEREVER HE GOES!
HA, HA... YOU SURE PLAYED IT SMART, BAYNE-- FIXING UP A FAKE ROYAL CHARTER ABOUT YOUR "ANCESTORS" AFTER YOU FOUND THE SURVEYING ERROR!
NATURALLY! AFTER ALL, HOW COULD ANYONE SUSPECT ME OF CRIMINAL DESIGNS, ONCE I "ABDICATED" TO SUPERBOY? NOW, WE CAN START ROBBING ALL THESE PLACES I'VE MARKED OFF ON THE MAP!
WAREHOUSE
JEWELRY SHOP
BANK
PAYROLL OFFICE
THUS, THAT EVENING...
ACCORDING TO OUR RADAR SCREEN, HIS MAJESTY IS AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN NOW... SO LET'S GET STARTED ON THIS FUR WAREHOUSE!
ACME FUR WAREHOUSE
AND MINUTES LATER, AS SMALLVANIA'S ONE-MAN "POLICE FORCE" CHECKS FOR DEVELOPMENTS AT A PRECINCT STATION...
OH, OH... BURGLAR ALARM AT THE ACME FUR WAREHOUSE! WELL, NOBODY'S GOING TO LOOT MY KINGDOM!
CLANG
CLANG
4

BUT AT THAT VERY SAME INSTANT...
SUPERBOY COMING! LET'S GO... THIS RADAR TIP-OFF GIVES US TIME TO SCRAM!
ACME FUR WAREHOUSE #2
SO BY THE TIME SUPERBOY ARRIVES...
WAREHOUSE #2
I DON'T GET IT! THEY'RE GONE-- ONLY MINUTES AFTER THEY BROKE IN-- AS IF THEY KNEW I WAS COMING! OH WELL... AT LEAST I KEPT THEM FROM GETTING TOO MUCH LOOT!
AND AT THE CROOKS' HIDEOUT...
BAH! POOR PICKINGS, BAYNE! YOUR RADAR DEAL MAY TELL US WHEN SUPERBOY'S COMING -- BUT IT STILL DOESN'T KEEP HIM AWAY!
NO, BUT THE FAKE ROYAL CHARTER WILL... WHEN HE STARTS CARRYING OUT HIS NEW KINGLY DUTIES!
HOW CAN A PHONY CHARTER STOP THE BOY MONARCH? NEXT MORNING, AS HE STARTS HIS FIRST FULL DAY AS KING...
GOT TO SEE THAT ALL THE BY-LAWS ARE CARRIED OUT AND... HOLY SMOKES! I'M SUPPOSED TO COLLECT A RUINOUS TAX!
ROYAL LAW
SHORTLY, AT THE CITY DUMP...
INSTEAD OF TAKING AWAY THE PEOPLE'S MONEY, I'LL FIRST EARN IT FOR THEM WITH SOME "GOLD" PANNING!
CITY DUMP

AND AT A NEARBY STREAM...
INSTEAD OF GOLD, THOUGH, I'LL PAN FOR URANIUM! NOBODY COULD WORK THIS LOW-GRADE ORE AT A PROFIT, BUT I CAN SIFT OUT PLENTY OF PAY-DIRT IN A COUPLE HOURS!
MEANWHILE, MANY BLOCKS AWAY...
SEE?... HIS FIRST ROYAL HEADACHE IS REALLY KEEPING HIM OUT OF THE WAY-- WHICH GIVES US PLENTY OF TIME TO ROB THE JEWELRY SHOP! COME ON!
SO AN HOUR LATER, WHEN SUPERBOY LEISURELY RETURNS WITH THE MONEY HE MADE ON THE PANNED URANIUM...
GREAT SCOTT! ANOTHER CRIME IN MY KINGDOM!
SUPER... ER... SIRE! WHERE WERE YOU WHILE THIS ROBBERY TOOK PLACE? WITHOUT POLICE, WE WERE HELPLESS!
THOSE CROOKS MUST BE STOPPED! I'LL PATROL TOWN TILL THEY STRIKE AGAIN!
JEWEL
BUT, AS LONG AS SUPERBOY PATROLS...
WE LIE LOW, THAT'S ALL! WITH THAT DEVICE IN THE CROWN TIPPING OFF ALL HIS MOVEMENTS, HE'LL NEVER NAB US! AND HE'S STILL GOT PLENTY OF JOBS TO DO, IN-BETWEEN PATROLLING!
YES--BOUND BY HIS SOLEMN PROMISE TO UPHOLD THE ROYAL CHARTER, SUPERBOY MUST CONTINUE TO CARRY OUT ITS PROVISIONS...
HMPH! ANOTHER OLD TIME CUSTOM, USING SLAVE LABOR!
ROYAL LAW
6

WELL, THIS KING DOESN'T BELIEVE IN SLAVERY--SO HE'LL JUST HAVE TO DO THE JOB HIMSELF! I CAN BORROW THE BUILDING MATERIAL FROM THIS OLD CONDEMNED TENEMENT!
CONDEMNED
THE EASIEST WAY TO DO IT IS TO HURL THE ROOF WAY UP IN THE AIR...
... AND RESHAPE...
... THIS STRUCTURE...
...AT SUPER-SPEED--
--JUST IN TIME FOR THE ROOF TO FALL NEATLY BACK IN PLACE!
ZUNK
AND INSIDE...
NOW TO FINISH UP THE INTERIOR! I CAN EASILY PLANE DOWN THE LUMBER BY APPLYING SUPER-FRICTION TO IT! THIS "PALACE" CAN BE USED LATER AS A TOWN RECREATION HALL-- SO NOTHING'S LOST!

NOTHING? IF ONLY SUPERBOY COULD READ RICHARD BAYNE'S MIND AT THIS MOMENT...
I SENT THE BOYS OUT AS SOON AS HE STARTED THAT PALACE! BY NOW, THEY SHOULD HAVE THE BANK CLEANED OUT!
AND SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE YOUNG MONARCH SEATS HIMSELF IN HIS NEW THRONE...
GOSH--HOW DO THE CROOKS TIME IT SO PERFECTLY? IT'S AS IF THEY KNOW IN ADVANCE WHEN I WON'T BE AROUND!
THIRD ROBBERY CRIME WAVE SWEEPING SMALLVANIA
A LITTLE LATER...
TROUBLE IS THAT CHARTER KEEPS ME BUSY WITH OLD, OUT-OF-DATE EDICTS--LIKE THIS NEXT ONE, WHICH STATES THAT EACH KING MUST PROVE HIS COURAGE ON A ROYAL HUNT, BY BAGGING A BEAST WITH SPEARS!
OF COURSE, I CAN'T KILL INNOCENT FOREST LIFE...BUT MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS A BETTER QUARRY ABOUT TEN MILES OFF!
WITH AMAZING ACCURACY, THE SUPER-SPEARS REACH THEIR DISTANT TARGET IN THE NICK OF TIME!
LOOK! SPEARS FROM THE SKY, CAGING IN THAT ENRAGED BEAR! WE'RE SAVED!
BUT RETURNING TO HIS THRONE, KING SUPERBOY ALMOST WISHES HE COULD ABDICATE!
OH, NO! THIS NEXT ROYAL EDICT SAYS, "YE KING SHALL OWN ALL GOLD, SILVER, URANIUM AND PRECIOUS METALS, COINING LEADEN MONEY FOR THE PEOPLE!"

GATHERING DISCARDED LEAD FROM THE CITY DUMP, THE BOY OF STEEL PROCEEDS TO COIN LEAD MONEY...
SUPER-PRESSURE TO MELT IT... INTO MY HAND MOLD! THAT MINTS SMALLVANIA CURRENCY, WHICH WOULD BE COUNTERFEIT IN AMERICA!
AND THIS TIME, IN THE CROOKS' HIDEOUT...
WHAT--? THE RADAR SCREEN SUDDENLY STOPPED RECORDING HIS MOVEMENTS! DOESN'T MATTER, THOUGH... IT SPOTTED HIM LAST AT THE CITY DUMP--SO LET'S DO THAT PAYROLL JOB!
BUT AS THEY ATTEMPT THEIR NEXT CRIME...
HA, HA... NO COPS, NO SUPERBOY-- AND--HEY!
HAVE SOME SMALLVANIA LOOT, TOO... LEAD MONEY!
WASTE
I DELIBERATELY SPLASHED LEAD ON MY CROWN, BAYNE, BECAUSE LEAD STOPS RADAR RAYS! THAT'S WHY YOUR SCREEN SUDDENLY CONKED OUT!
BLAST IT! HOW DID YOU FIGURE IT ALL OUT?
YOUR FAKE CHARTER, DATED 1770, WAS CLEVER, BUT YOU MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE! YOU GAVE THE KING RIGHTS TO ALL PRECIOUS METALS, INCLUDING URANIUM, WHICH WASN'T DISCOVERED UNTIL 1789!

ONCE I REALIZED THE CHARTER WAS A FAKE, I ADDED TWO AND TWO! WHY THE STRANGE RULE MAKING ME WEAR THE CROWN NIGHT AND DAY? MY X-RAY VISION QUICKLY SHOWED ME THIS DEVICE INSIDE!
MINUTES LATER...
MY LAST OFFICIAL ACT AS SMALLVANIA'S SOVEREIGN IS TO CLAP YOU IN THE ROYAL DUNGEON, WHICH WILL SOON BE THE JAIL OF SMALLVILLE, AGAIN!
ROYAL DUNGEON OF KING SUPERBOY
AND SO, WHEN THE OFFICIAL ANNEXATION FINALLY ARRIVES FROM WASHINGTON...
AT LAST! SMALLVILLE IS OFFICIALLY A PART OF THE UNITED STATES NOW!
I ABDICATE--GLADLY! I NEVER WANT TO BE A KING AGAIN! TAKE OVER, MR. MAYOR... WHEWWWWW!
10
PRESENTLY, AT THE RAILROAD STATION...
AFTER A TASTE OF WHAT LIFE ONCE WAS, UNDER OLD-TIME KINGS, WITHOUT THE BLESSINGS OF MODERN DEMOCRACY, I THINK WE CAN ALL SAFELY SAY...
HURRAY FOR THE U.S.A! YAYYYYY!
RAILROAD STATION
PLAIN OLD SMALLVILLE, U.S.A.
THE END

SUPERMAN
ON
TELEVISION!
is
SUPER-TV
SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND CHANNEL!